

SCRANTON TRIBUNE
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General Manager.

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THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE.

SCRANTON, FEBRUARY 1, 1894.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET

FOR CONGRESSMAN-AT-LARGE
GALUSHA A. GROW,
OF SUSQUEHANNA.

ELECTION FEBRUARY 20

BUT DON'T TRIFLE.

It will be found a wrong policy, in the long run, to deceive the public by flaring announcements of price reductions that have no existence in fact. The merchant who fools people will soon have a constituency of fools. One strong element of an advertisement's success is the character of the man who stands back of it. The finest of silk wouldn't keep a fly clean. The neatest and clearest of business announcements couldn't permanently float an enterprise not intrinsically honest.

FOR A MONOPOLY which is variously reported to have expired by limitation, the telephone monopoly seems to be a very virile corpse.

WHEN THE time comes that the business of American legislation shall be entrusted to American business men, there will be fewer paucities and vastly fewer tariff scares.

SENATOR MARKLEY'S withdrawal in the interest of party peace would have been a great deal more significant story if it had first had the approbation of Senator Markley.

THAT WAS a suggestive incident when a leading professor of Yale university at a recent banquet responded to the toast: "President Dole—Every Inch a Man." And yet, come to think of it, what else could he say of Dole?

THE WISDOM of a house-to-house canvass for Galusha A. Grow lies not in the fact that his election is in any doubt, but in the imperative need of getting every possible Democratic citizen out of his partisan paralysis.

IT WOULD seem to be the part of economy on behalf of the electric companies themselves to put their wires underground, and thus avoid such breakdowns and interruptions as those which resulted from Monday night's storm. The public, of course, has an interest in this matter; but isn't the self-interest of the wire stringers itself nearly sufficient to effect a near reform?

EDITOR BOYD of Wilkes Barre, whose animal versions on Democratic men and measures possess a breeziness and informality that must be highly shocking to sticklers for partisan propriety, finds fault with Representative Hines' recent tariff speech because it "ad vances nothing new." And yet what novelty can you expect from an economist who virtually says he is "agin" the Wilson bill but in favor of its enforcement?

IT WOULD be important news, if true, that Mr. Gladstone contemplates speedily resigning. In the natural order of things, this indefatigable octogenarian must soon relinquish the cares of active political leadership in behalf of shoulders buoyant with the justness of mature physical manhood. But it is improbable that this voluntary retirement will, as rumored, precede the reopening of parliament. The fighting blood in the premier's veins would not thus easily submit to the tameness of a premature resignation.

THE BANE of American legislation is the disproportion among American legislators of those who are practical business men, as distinguished from mere politicians. The present administration is in the hands of men who are mere politicians. It is at the mercy of individuals like Senator Voorhees, who, in a political sense, would scuttle a ship or abduct a sheep with easy and indifferent avidity. The facile flip-flops of these political chameleons add their quota to the hilarity of the mirth-loving multitude, but they do not conserve the stability of American institutions. And there will not come a recurrence of stable and conservative rule until the business of legislation is entrusted to men who know their business; until the great responsibility of framing the laws for sixty-five millions of people is removed from jesters and harlequins and confided to real statesmen.

AMONG THE political upheavals of last fall a notable one occurred in Buffalo, resulting in the election of the first Republican city clerk in eight years. The fortunate official, who is just getting comfortably settled in his new position, was Mark S. Hubbell, a well-known and popular journalist. Mr. Hubbell's election is another trophy in Editor E. H. Butler's well-filled political scalp belt. Scrantonian friends of Mr. Butler know his ability as a political fighter. He took up the case of Mr. Hubbell, who was one of his trusted journalistic lieutenants, and ere the Shenandoah city hall crowd knew what had happened, Mr. Hubbell's candidacy had been crowned with success. It will be remembered that Dan Lamont had a similar start in politics and it would be a queer coincidence if the man who discovered Grover Cleveland—for which he is heartily sorry—and thus indirectly unearthed Lamont, should now be nursing a third potentiality in Empire State politics.

THE ELECTION of the Republican candidate, Lemuel Quigg, Tuesday in a New York city congressional district that last time polled a nine-thousand Democratic majority is portentous of the fate which awaits the Democratic

party in next November's division. Mr. Quigg was accorded the nomination literally as an only hope. Nobody else would have it. Nobody else would pay the cost of a postage stamp to acknowledge the receipt of a nomination that apparently meant inevitable defeat. But Mr. Quigg, like the good newspaper man that he is, settled down to his assignment with unvarying zeal; made a personal house-to-house canvass; explained the political situation to each voter in that terse, graphic and straightforward Anglo-Saxon that becomes the journalistic second tongue; and while the politicians were making sport of his fatality, lo, he thundered down the last quarter, so to speak, and passed under wire, a clean neck in the lead. It is a victory that bids fair to become historic. But it is also a victory that shows how thoroughly the people are repenting them of the inscrutable blunder of 1892.

STATE THE CASE.
Considerably more than half of the cost of the proposed bridge improvements will remain in circulation in this city. It will be in a sense a direct contribution to the relief of the existing financial pinch, with this difference, that the city itself will receive a permanent and invaluable equivalent. It will profit first from the money started in home circulation; and it will profit subsequently by the conveniences which the money will construct.

Although nothing has outwardly developed to lead to the belief that a bridge improvements will not go through, it is well to proceed along the supposition that there is serious opposition and, with that idea, to make the explanations and the arguments irresistibly clear. It is certainly no argument to contend that because "times are hard" the citizens of Scranton should hesitate to adopt a course which would decidedly tend to loosen them.

Nor is it sufficient to contend in the northern section that the only beneficiaries are the people of the central city and South and West Sides. You cannot improve any part of Scranton without benefiting all of Scranton. Nor can North End residents appeal for appropriations for sectional improvements upon the basis of hostility to every other division of the municipality.

Let us have some definite statement of the case against these improvements, if there be a case. Let somebody who opposes the public conveniences if there be any opponent, word his reasons and father his arguments. It is a subject which cannot be injured by full, free and fearless discussion. Do not let it go through in default of any objection, in the event that there is tangible ground for objecting to the loan.

FOR A SNOW CARNIVAL.

If the capricious individual who presides over the weather department may be relied upon long enough to permit us to advance the suggestion, why should Scrantonians not have a snow carnival? The beautiful sleighing of yesterday, the spirited drives enjoyed by hundreds of our citizens, the engaging frost scenes that please the eye on every side as one spins merrily along the level thoroughfares leading out of the city, combine to make a general carnival timely and desirable.

In an individual sense these pleasant features of the frost king's belated arrival were heartily enjoyed all day and long into the night. And there are features of this crystalline sport that do not need—in fact, that do not want—the presence of a large convocation to bring out their sublimate charms. The Scranton young man, in the double intoxication of tonic oxygen and platonic romance, might be excused for protesting against the presence of the proverbial crowd.

Nevertheless, there are sedate men and matrons among our citizenship; and possibly, too, some invulnerable young ones who would delight to take part in a large and enthusiastic carnival, who would find genuine relaxation and enjoyment in the buzzing swish, dash and jingle of a long line of merry-makers, with tumult and movement adding constant sparkle to the glitter of the moonlit snow and the fancy decorations of the kaleidoscopic pageantry. An evening sleighing carnival by all means. It would fulfill all the conditions of novelty and delightfulness.

NEED OF SYMPATHY.

There is a vast deal of true philosophy in the serio comic grace with which that veteran journalist and un-equaled satirist, John Russell Young, defends the need of a Cleveland consolation society. Proceeding upon the assumption that our honored magistrate came into the presidency with his head among the stars and his nostrils sniffing the sweet perfume of extrahuman inspiration, Mr. Young contends that his greatest single need is for somebody to offer him sympathy. First of all, he needs sympathy on behalf of his extraordinary cabinet, which, in Mr. Young's opinion, represents "neither the leadership nor the statesmanship of the Democratic party."

Financial complications, grotesquely intensified by the ineffable inefficiency of that "intrepid Don Caesar Bazar of the Democracy," Senator Dan Voorhees, afford a second need. While we are "sweeping toward a Niagara of bankruptcy" while our easy-going treasury secretary "cannot approximate within fifty millions of what he owes," and while, with "money never so abundant in financial exchanges, and with a credit that under President Harrison was the best in the world, we are about to go into the market to borrow at double the rate of interest paid by Great Britain," Mr. Young thinks there would be fine opportunity for a congenial political company to tender our star-faded executive their kindly commiseration.

And then Hawaii. "Blunder upon blunder, because our esteemed chief magistrate would even in foreign affairs walk with his head among the stars! He might have read what had been done by Jefferson and Marcy and Hamilton Fish in the conduct of foreign affairs. He might have walked wisely in the luster of the precedents left by these eminent men in our diplomacy. But a president with a mandate cannot dwell upon traditions. He must appoint 'paramount' adventurers to replace accredited, experienced Ambassadors; he must pull down the American

flag with its honored emblazonment"

This, thinks Mr. Young, would afford the central jewel in the sparkling diadem of great opportunities for sympathetic overtures and messages of condolence. Altogether, it is the opinion of the astute Philadelphia clubman, journalist and man of affairs that such a conference for sympathetic purposes only, would have a decided value. "The people," he truly says, "are not unfriendly to the president. They would be in touch with him. But they have an old fashioned prejudice that cabinet ministers should be found among the party leaders—and not on New England fishing smacks, or in the offices of corporations; that they should be statesmen rather than chums. They love the old flag with a clumsy adoration and resent its coming down at the bidding of resentment or caprice. They reverse the supreme court and shudder at the idea of a nomination to that lofty station becoming the gerund of a politicians' brawl. They have a clinging faith in the financial legislation, which brought the country under Harrison to the highest point of prosperity. They believe that the president should accept the lessons of the late elections, and abandon those chablisitic experiments in statesmanship which add to the burdens of the people. Thus believing they feel that Mr. Cleveland might not only justify the hopes awakened by the conservative character of his first administration, but live in history as a president, unfortunate, perhaps, but with good intentions; a president who could not disserve himself from the body of death called Democracy, and who failed because it was not in the economy of government that this political conglomeration which gave him power could be other than a burden and a curse to the republic."

MINOR FACTS AND FANCIES.

One of the Oklahoma reminiscences which Captain Delaney tells with unctuous explanation how it came about that the west two years ago went so insanely Democratic. A farmer, Ben Jones, had taken a 300 acre claim to 160 acres of fine virgin land. The first year he raised some excellent wheat, brought it to Oklahoma City and sold it readily for 93 cents per bushel. Much elated, he went to the bank and wanted to "prove his claim," which means get a quiet title by making an extra payment. Captain Delaney tells the rest as follows: "I asked Jones if he had his mortgage lifted, if he had all the implements needed, if his house was in good shape. Picking up a claim means usually quite an outlay; to an Indian means working on borrowed capital it is best not to be in any hurry. Jones saw the point, and instead of spending the proceeds of his first year's industry for a needless bit of government paper put part of it on his mortgage and the remainder in enlarging his farm equipment."

"One year ago this last fall while we were standing on the hotel porch there passed a Democratic procession. We elected only one man, a territorial delegate, and I was especially interested in seeing a Republican win. But here was a parade of fellows whose horses had been given them by Republican legislation, following a band and carrying motes about 'Harrison and Hard Times,' 'Grover and Prosperity.' And at the very front of the parade, astride a bucking broncho, sat my man Jones. Jones must have seen me, for he looked sheepish, and turned his face away. But I had nothing I knew my sentiments would keep. Several days later, Jones awkwardly shuffled into my office and this conversation took place: "Good morning, Mr. Jones."

"Morning, cap'n."

"What can I do for you?"

"Well, cap'n, I guess this time I'll prove up my claim."

"All right; it will cost \$300. Have you brought the money?"

"No, but I've sent my boy down to the depot with 400 bushels of the best wheat ever raised in Oklahoma, and I reckon he'll bring me the price part' soon."

"So you have had a second fine crop of wheat, eh? What do you hold your wheat at?"

"Q. Last time I got 93 cents, and this year my wheat is a good deal finer. I ought to get 97 or 98 cents."

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- Lockwood Pillow Cases, 54x40 1/2, 22 cents.
- Fruit of the Loom Pillow Cases, 45x36, 18 cents.
- Fruit of the Loom Pillow Cases, 50x36, 20 cents.
- Fruit of the Loom Pillow Cases, 54x38 1/2, 23 cents.
- Lockwood Unbleached Sheets, 81x90, 49 cents.
- Lockwood Half Bleached Sheets, 81x90, 55 cents.
- Lockwood Bleached Sheets, 90x90, 60 cents.
- Lockwood Bleached Sheets, 81x90, 54 cents.
- Lockwood Bleached Sheets, 90x90, 60 cents.
- Fruit of the Loom Bleached Sheets, 81x90, 65 cents.
- Fruit of the Loom Bleached Sheets, 90x90, 73 cents.
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